



SATURDAY April 1. 1721.

To the Author of the London Journal.

S I R,



Am going to present you, and the Town by your means, with the most valuable Performance of all Antiquity: It is not likely that it ever had, or ever will have its Fellow; the Author of it was, perhaps, the most amiable Character, the most accomplished Man that ever the World saw.

*Excellent Brutus! of all humane Race
The best!* Cowley.

He was the Author of that glorious Letter which I now send you in English. It was written by the greatest Man upon the noblest Subject; *BRUTUS* upon *LIBERTY*. It was sent to *Cicero*, and the Occasion this:

Octavius Caesar, afterwards call'd *Augustus*, having defeated *Mark Anthony* before *Modena*, and by that means rais'd the Siege of that Place, began now to conceive higher Designs than he had yet shewn: He had hitherto declared for the Commonwealth, and seem'd to set for it; the Senate having trusted him with an Army, by the Persuasion and Interest of *Cicero*. But after this Victory over *Anthony*, he began to set up for himself, and to meditate the Revenge of his Uncle, and Father by Adoption, *Julius Caesar*; and finally, to pave himself a Way to absolute Monarchy. He knew well that *Brutus* and *Cassius* would never, while they liv'd, suffer him to possess what they would not suffer the first *Caesar* to enjoy; and therefore, to succeed his Uncle, he must destroy them.

But *Cicero*, who equally lov'd and admir'd *Brutus*, and pretended to grant Power over the Mind of the young *Caesar*, undertook to write to him in favour of the Patrons of Liberty who lov'd his Uncle; to seek their Pardon, especially a Pardon for *Brutus*, that he might return to *Rome*, and be there in Safety. This Letter of *Cicero's* contained in it also Thanks to *Octavius* for his Services to the Republick, and was intirely unknown to *Brutus*; but being inform'd of it by *Atticus*, he took extreme Offence at this Step of *Cicero's*, which seem'd to him a Confession of Sovereignty in *Octavius*, by not only owning him Master of the Lives of the *Romans* in general, but of his too, who was the Deliverer of the *Romans*, and scorn'd to owe Life to *Octavius*.

Brutus had another Spirit, and other Views: He remember'd the bold and free Words of the great *Cato*, his Uncle, to those of his Friends, who offer'd to procure for him the Mercy of *Caesar*, by throwing themselves, on his Behalf, at *Caesar's* Feet—*No, Gentlemen, says Cato, I scorn to be beholding to Tyranny. I am as free as Cato; and shall I owe my Life to him, who has no Right even to my Submission?*

Brutus found Reason to resent that *Cicero* should, without his Knowledge, thus treat him as a Criminal, and *Caesar* as a Sovereign, by begging of *Caesar* Mercy for *Brutus*. That Resentment gave Occasion to this Letter; in which he treats *Octavius* as a raw Lad, and *Cicero* himself as a weak and fearful Man. The Reasoning through the whole, shews *Brutus* to have been animated by a most sublime and glorious Spirit of Virtue and Liberty; and is so stupendously strong, that his Eloquence

must have been great as his Soul; and yet that great Soul was not so dear to him as Liberty.

I am, S I R,

Your old Friend,

CATO.

BRUTUS to CICERO.

I Have seen, by the Favour of *Atticus*, that Part which concerns me, in your Letter to *Octavius*. The Affection you there express for my Person, and the Pains you take for my Safety, are great; but they give me no new Joy: Your kind Offices are become as habitual for me to receive, as for you to bestow; and by your daily Words and Actions on my behalf, I have daily Instances of your generous Regard for my self and my Reputation.

However, all this hinders not but that the above-mention'd Article of your Letter to *Octavius*, pierc'd me with as sensible a Grief as my Soul is capable of feeling. In thanking him for his Services to the Republick, you have chosen a Style which shews such Lowness and Submission, as do but too clearly declare that you have still a Master; and that the old Tyranny, which we thought destroy'd, is reviv'd in a new Tyrant. What still I say to you upon this sad Head? I am cover'd with Confusion for your shameful Condition, but you have brought it upon your self; and I cannot help showing you to your self in this wretched Circumstance.

You have petition'd *Octavius* to have Mercy upon me, and to save my Life. In this you intended my Good, but sought my Misery, and a Lot worse than Death, by saving me from it; since there is no kind of Death but is more eligible to me than a Life so sav'd. Be so good to recollect a little the Terms of your Letter; and having weigh'd them as you ought, can you deny that they are conceiv'd in the low Style of an humble Petition from a Slave to his hungry Lord, from a Subject to a King? You tell *Octavius*, that you have a Request to make him, and humbly hope he will please graciously to grant it; namely, to save those Citizens who are esteem'd by Men of Condition, and belov'd by the People of *Rome*. This is your honourable Request; but what if he should not grant it, but refuse to save us? Can we be sav'd by no other Expedient? Certainly, Destruction it self is preferable to Life by his Favour.

I am not, however, so desponding, as to imagine that Heaven is so offend'd with the *Roman* People, or so bent upon their Ruin, that you should thus choose, in your Prayers, to apply rather to *Octavius*, than to the immortal Gods, for their Preservation; I do not say of the Deliverers of the whole Earth, from one who oppress'd the whole Earth, but even for the Preservation of the meanest *Roman* Citizens. This is a high Tone to talk in, but I have a Pleasure in it: It becomes me to shew that I scorn to pray to those whom I scorn to fear.

Has then *Octavius* Power to save us, or destroy us? And while you thus own him to be a Tyrant, can you yet own your self his Friend? And if you are mine, can you desire to see me in *Rome*, and at the Mercy of an Usurper? And yet, that this wou'd be my Case, you avow, by imploring from a giddy Boy, my Permission to return. You have been reading him a World of Thanks, and making him many Compliments; pray how came they to be due to him, if he yet wants to be petition'd?

(Price Three Half-pence.)

positioned for our Lives, and if our Liberty depends upon his Success? Are we bound to think it a Condescension in Othello, that he chuses these our Petitions should rather be made to him than to *Anthony*? And are not such low Supplications the proper Addresses to a Tyrant? And yet shall we, who boldly destroy'd one, be ever brought basely to supplicate another? And can we, who are the Deliverers of the Commonwealth, defend to ask what no Man ought to have it in his Power to give?

Consider the mournful Effects of that Dread and Despondency of yours, in our publick Struggles; in which, however, you have too many to keep you in Countenance. The Commonwealth has been lost, because it was given for lost. Hence *Caesar* was first inspired with the Lust of Dominion; hence *Mark Anthony*, not terrified by the Doom of the Tyrant, pursues and hurrus on to succeed him in his Tyranny; and hence this *Othello*, this green Usurper, is started into such a Pitch of Power, that the Chiefs of the Commonwealth, and the Strangers of this Country, must depend, for their Breath, upon his Pleasure—Yes, we must owe our Lives to the Mercy of a Master, sentenced by the Prayers of aged Senators.

Alas, we are no longer Romans; if we were, the virtuous Spirit of Liberty would have been an easy Overmatch for the traitorous Attempts of the worst of all Men grasping after Tyranny; nor would even *Mark Anthony*, the rash and enterprising *Mark Anthony*, have been so fond of *Caesar's* Power, as frighten'd by *Caesar's* Fate.

Remember the important Character you sustain, and the great Post you have fill'd: You are a Senator of *Rome*, and you have been Consul of *Rome*; you have defied Conspiracies, and destroyed Conspirators. Is not *Rome* still as dear to you as she was? Or, is your Courage and Vigilance less? And is not the Occasion greater? Or, could you suppress great Tyranny, and yet tolerate greater? Recollect what you ought to do, by what you have done. Whence proceed'd your Enmity to *Anthony*? Was it not that he had an Enemy to Liberty, had seized violently on the Publick, assumed the Disposal of Life and Death into his own Hands, and set up for the sole Sovereign of all Men? Were not these the Reasons of your Enmity, and of your Advice to combat Violence by Violence, and to kill him rather than submit to him? All this was well—but why must Resistance be dropp'd, when there is a fresh Call for Resistance? Has your Courage failed you; or, was it not permitted to *Anthony* to enslave us, but *Anthony* may? as if the Nature of Servitude was chang'd by changing Names and Persons. No—we do not dispute about the Qualifications of a Master; we will have no Master.

It is certain we might, under *Anthony*, have gone large Shares with him in the Administration of despotick Power; we might have divided its Dignities, and shone in its Trappings. He would have received us graciously, and met us half Way. He knew that either our Concurrence or Acquiescence would have confirm'd him Monarch of *Rome*; and at what Price would he not have purchas'd either? But all his Arts, all his Temptations, all his Offers were rejected; Liberty was our Purpose, and Virtue our Rule: Our Views were honest and universal; Our Country and the Cause of Mankind.

With *Othello* himself there is still a Way open for an Accommodation, if we chose it. As eager as the Name of *Caesar* has made that raw Sickle for Empire, to destroy those who destroy'd *Caesar*; yet doubtless he would give us good Articles to gain our Consent to that Power to which he aspires, and, to which, I fear, he will arrive: Alas, what is there to hinder him? While we only attend to the Love of Life, and the Impulse of Ambition; while we can purchase Posts and Dignities with the Price of Liberty, and think Danger more dreadful than Slavery; what remains to save us?

What was the End of our killing the Tyrant, but to be free from Tyranny?—A ridiculous Motive, and an empty Exploit, if our Slavery survives him!—Oh, who is it that makes Liberty his Care? Liberty, which ought to be the Care of all Men, is 'tis the Benefit and Blessing of all! For my self, rather than give it up, I will stand single in its defence. I cannot lose, but with my Life, my Resolution to maintain in Freedom my Country, which I have set free: I have destroyed a Veteran Tyrant; and shall I suffer, in a raw Youth, his Heir, a Power to controul the Senate, supersede the Laws, and put Chains on *Rome*? A Power, which no personal Favours, nor even the Ties of Blood could ever sanctify to me; a Power which I could not bear in *Caesar*; nor, if my Father had usurp'd it, could I have borne him.

Your Petition to *Othello* is a Confession that we cannot enjoy the Liberty of *Rome* without his Leave: And can you dream that other Citizens are free, where we could not live free? Besides, having made your Request, how is it to be fulfill'd? You beg him to give us our Lives; and what if he does? Are we therefore safe because we live? Is there any Safety without Liberty; or rather can we poorly live having lost it, and

with it our Honour and Glory? Is there any Security in living at *Rome*, when *Rome* is no longer free? That City, great as it is, having no Security of her own, can give me none—No, I will owe mine to my Resolution and my Sword; I cannot enjoy Life at the Mercy of another; *Caesar's* Death alone ascertain'd my Liberty to me, which before was precarious; I snote him to be safe. This is a Roman Spirit, and whithersoever I carry it, every Place will be *Rome* to me, who am Roman enough to prefer every Evil to Chains and Infamy, which to a Roman are the highest of all Evils. I thought we had been released from these mighty Evils, by the Death of him who brought them upon us; but it seems we are not; else why a servile Petition to a Youth, big with the Name, and the Ambition of *Caesar*, for Mercy to those Patriots, who generously revenged their Country upon that Tyrant, and cleared the World of his Tyranny? It was not so in the Commonwealths of Greece, where the Children of Tyrants suffered equally with their Fathers, the Punishment of Tyranny.

Can I then have any Appetite to see *Rome*? Or can *Rome* be said to be *Rome*? We have slain her Tyrant, we have restor'd her ancient Liberty; But they are Favours thrown away; she is made free in sight of herself; and tho' she has seen a great and terrible Tyrant bereft of his Grandeur and his Life, by a few of her Citizens, yet basely depending of her own Strength, she impotently dreads the Name of a dead Tyrant, revived in the Person of a Stripling.

No more of your Petitions to your young *Caesar*, on my behalf; nor, if you are wise, on your own. You have not many Years to live; do not be shewing that you over-rate the short Remains of an honourable Life, by making preposterous and dishonourable Court to a Boy. Take care that by this Conduct you do not eclipse the Lustre of all your glorious Actions against *Mark Anthony*: Do not turn your Glory into Reproach, by giving the Malicious a Handle to say, that Self-love was the sole Motive of your Disterness to him; and that had you not dreaded him, you would not have oppos'd him: And yet will they not say this, if they see that having declared War against *Anthony*, you notwithstanding leave Life and Liberty at the Mercy of *Othello*, and tolerate in him all the Power which the other claimed? They will say that you are not against having a Master, only you would not have *Anthony* for a Master.

I will approve your Praises given to *Othello* for his Behaviour thus far; it is indeed Praiseworthy, provided his only Intention has been to pull down the Tyranny of *Anthony*, without establishing a Tyranny of his own. But if you are of Opinion that *Othello* is in such a Situation of Power, that it is necessary to approach him with humble Supplications to save our Lives, and that it is convenient he should be trusted with this Power; I can only say, that you lift the Reward of his Merits far above his Merits: I thought all his Services were Services done to the Republick; but you have confer'd upon him that absolute and imperial Power which he pretended to recover to the Republick.

If, in your Judgment, *Othello* has earned such Laurels and Recompences for making War against *Anthony's* Tyranny, which was only the Effects and Remains of *Caesar's* Tyranny; to what Distinctions, to what Rewards would you intitle those who exterminated, with *Caesar*, the Tyranny of *Caesar*, for which they felt the Blessings and Bounty of the Roman People? Has this never entered into your Thoughts? Behold here how effectually the Terror of Evils to come, extinguishes in the Minds of Men all Impressions of Benefits receiv'd! *Caesar* is dead, and will never return to shackle or frighten the City of *Rome*; so he is no more thought of, nor are they who deliver'd that City from him. But *Anthony* is still alive, and still in Arms, and still terrible; and so *Othello* is ador'd, who beat *Anthony*. Hence it is that *Othello* is become of such potent Consequences, that from his Mouth the Roman People must expect our Doom, the Doom of their Deliverers! And hence it is too, that we (those very Deliverers) are of such humble Note, that he must be supplicated to give us our Lives!

I, as I said, have a Soul, and I have a Sword; and am an Enemy to such abject Supplications; so great an Enemy, that I detest those that use them, and am an avowed Foe to him that expects them. I shall at least be far away from the odious Company of Slaves; and where-ever I find Liberty, there I will find *Rome*. And for you that stay behind, who, not satiated with many Years, and many Honours, can behold Liberty extinct, and Virtue, with us, in Exile, and yet are not sick of a wretched and precarious Life; I heartily pity you. For my self, whose Soul has never ebb'd from its constant Principles, I shall ever be happy in the Consciousness of my Virtue; owing nothing to my Country, towards which I have faithfully discharged my Duty; I shall possess my Mind in Peace, and find the Reward of well-doing in the Satisfaction of having done it. What greater Pleasure does the World afford, than to despise the slippery Uncertainties of Life, and to value that only which is only valuable, private Virtue, and publick Liberty; that

that Liberty, which is the Blessing, and ought to be the Birth-right of all Mankind.

But still, I will never sink with those who are already falling; I will never yield with those who have a Mind to submit: I am resolved to be always firm and independent: I will try all Expedients; I will exert my utmost Prowess, to banish Servitude, and set my Country entirely free. If Fortune favours me, as she ought, the Blessing and Joy will be every Man's; but if she fails me, and my best Endeavours are thrown away, yet still I will rejoice single; and so far be too hard for Fortune. What, in short, can my Life be better laid out in, than in continual Schemes, and repeated Efforts, for the common Liberty of my Country?

As to your Part in this Crisis, my dear *Cicero*, it is my strongest Advice and Request to you, not to desert your post: Do not distrust your Ability, and your Ability will not disappoint you; believe you can remedy our heavy Evils, and you will remedy them: Our Miseries want no Encreaser; Prevent, therefore, by your Vigilance, any new Accession. Formerly, in Quality of Consul, you defeated, with great Boldness and Warmth for Liberty, a formidable Conspiracy against Rome, and saved the Commonwealth; and what you did then against *Cataline*, you still do against *Anthony*. These Actions of yours have raised your Reputation high, and spread it far; but it will be all tarnished or lost, if you do not continue to shew an equal Firmness upon as great an Occasion; let this render all the Parts of your Life equal, and secure Immortality to that Glory of yours, which ought to be immortal.

From those, who, like you, have performed great Actions, as great or greater are expected: By shewing that they can serve the Publick, they make themselves its Debtors; and it is apt to exact strict Payment, and to use them severely if they do not pay: But from those who have performed no such Actions, we expect none. This is the Difference betwixt the Los of unknown Talents, and of those which have been try'd; and the Condition of the latter is no doubt the harder. Hence it is, that tho' in making head against *Anthony*, you have merited and received great and just Praises; yet you have gain'd no new Admiration: By so doing you only continued, like a worthy Consul, the known Character of a great and able Consul. But it now at last you begin to sacrifice your Principles, and truckle to one as bad as him; if you abate ever so little in that Vigour of Mind, and that steady Courage, by which you expelled him from the Senate, and drove him out of Rome; you will never reap another Harvest of Glory, whatever you may deserve; and even your past Laurels will wither, and your past Renown be forgot.

There is nothing great or noble in Events, which are the Fruit of Passion or Chance: True Fame results only from the steady Perseverance of Reason in the Paths and Pursuits of Virtue. The Care, therefore, of the Commonwealth, and the Defence of her Liberties, belong to you above all Men, because you have done more than all Men for Liberty and the Commonwealth: Your great Abilities, your known Zeal, your famous Actions, with the united Call and Expectation of all Men, are your Motives in this great Affair; would you have greater?

You are not therefore to supplicate *Octavius* for our Safety; do a braver Thing, and owe it to your own Magnanimity. Rouse the Roman Genius within you; and consider that this great and free City, which you more than once saved, will always be great and free, provided her People do not want worthy Chiefs to resist Usurpation, and exterminate Traytors.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WE are at length assured, that the Congress of *Cambray* will be formed in a very few Weeks, the Palace where the Ministers are to assemble is fitting up with all Expedition; and they write, that both the Court of France and Spain press it with no little Ardour.

The Pestilence still continues in some of the small Towns and Villages in *Provence*, but they tell us, it abates considerably every Day; so that People are much easier upon that Head than they have been.

They talk doubtfully of the Congress of *Brunswick*; some Letters tell us, it will be formed in the beginning of May, but others say as positively, that all thoughts of it are laid aside for this Year.

They have made but little Progress in the Article of Peace between Muscovy and Sweden; so that all hopes of an Accommodation on that side, seem at least suspended for a Time. And as the military Preparations go on with much Earnestness on both Sides, 'tis feared another Campaign must be over before they may be persuaded to sheath the Sword.

The Pope being dead, the Cardinals are all preparing for their Journey to Rome, in order to choose a New one; but 'tis not yet possible to know upon whom the Election will fall.

L O N D O N.

WE hear, that the Grand Jury, Justices of Peace, Gentlemen and Freeholders of the County of Gloucester, and also the Mayor, Aldermen, &c. of the City of Gloucester, have presented a Petition to the Parliament, complaining of the mischievous Effects which the Trade of the Nation, and particularly the Cloathing Manufacture in that County lie under, by the treacherous Practices and Mismanagements of the late Directors of the South-Sea Company and their Accomplices, as well as of the fatal Stroke thereby given to the Publick Credit of the Nation; praying that such Offenders may be brought to Justice; and 'tis hoped the other Counties will follow to vindicate an Example.

Last Week died the Earl of Kingfile, of the Kingdom of Ireland.

'Tis said the Sheriff of S— was fined last Week 50 £ for not receiving, as usual, the Judges, before they arrived at K—.

We are inform'd that our Merchants have found a way to bring their Wine from Bourdeaux, without performing Quarantine; they have it brought to Calais, and from thence to London.

The Persons who have furnished Necessaries for the Navy, are ordered to be paid their Bills to the 31st of December, 1729.

It appears by the Books of the South-Sea Company, that Mr. Knight had, in his own Name, about Two Millions and a half of that Stock.

We hear, that Sir John Lambert has declared himself to the Barons of the Exchequer, to be Sixteen Thousand Pound worth than Nothing, as we say. But all the World knows there is an Estate that would become a Prince of the Empire, in the Hands of his son.

The Short Allowance Money due to his Majesty's Ship Defiance, beginning the 12th of October, 1720, and ending the 31st of December following, will be paid as soon as the Ship arrives at the Nore.

Tuesday next, the 4th of April, is appointed for the Election of Directors of the East-India Company.

On the 24th past the Transfer Books at the Bank, for the Annuities, called 5 per Cent. and both the Funds of 4 per Cent. were closed. And on the 25th they began there to pay the 3 per Cent. upon their Stock for the Lady-Day Dividend.

They write from Dartmouth of the 21st Instant, that the Nicholas of that Place, a Ship of about 200 Tons, almost fired out and ready to proceed to Newfoundland, as she lay at Anchor in that Harbour, took Fire in the Bread Room, and was burnt down to the Water's Edge.

Letters from Carolina dated February 2, advise, that they were in daily Expectation there of the Arrival of General Nicholson, which they doubted not would put that Colony in a flourishing State. They add, that they were present at Peace with the Indians, but the French and Spaniards, their near Neighbours, were doing their utmost to draw them over to their Interest.

We hear, that Mr. Guy, of Lombard-street, besides his noble Charity to St. Thomas's Hospital, has appropriated 200 £ per Annum to Bethlehem Hospital, for the Support of the incurable there.

To the Author of the London Journal.

S I R, Jonathan's Coffee-House, March 23, 1720. 3

Several Persons who frequent this House, are very much displeased with the Writer of the *Whiskhall Evening-Post*, for having inserted a Paragraph in his Paper, detracting from the Publick Spirit of Messieurs W—sold, S—d, S—w and O—n; viz. That they designed to lend One Million to the South-Sea Company for a Year, without Interest, to pay off their Bonds. You are desired to inform the World, that it never enter'd into the Thoughts of those very honest and deserving Gentlemen, to offer less than Two Millions, being only the Fruits of their Industry last Summer. And if another Million should be wanting, Monsieur T—r, the Broker, and that remarkably Loyal Subject, the late Printer to the Company, put in their Claims for subscribing it. 'Tis suppos'd, no such trifling Sums as Twenty or Thirty Thousand Pounds will be accepted on this Occasion from any single Persons, else Three or Four noted *Beer-sellers*, who came in only for Gleausings in the South-Sea Harvest, would club with some others of that useful Fraternity, to make up a Brace of Hundred Thousands more.

I am, SIR, Yours,

E. F.

P. S. The extraordinary Abilities of these Gentlemen, and the wonderful Services they have lately done to the Kingdom, are now so well known every where, that 'tis said, some remote Boroughs have already apply'd to 'em to appear as Candidates, when there shall be an Election of Members for a new Parliament.

The Beginning of this Week the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, arrived here from his Travels; upon which, 'tis said, the eldest Sons of the Lord Townshend and Mr. Walpole are preparing to enter.

We

We hear, that the Ball for the Encouraging the Consumption of Raw Silks, Mohair, &c. will take Place at Christmas next; by which, all those who wear either Cloak Bortons or Button Holes, will be liable to the Penalty of Five Pounds per Dozen.

They write from Lydd, in Kent, that two smugglers having defended themselves against the Riding Officers, were at last overpowered by them, and carried Prisoners to Lydd. But that on Saturday the 18th inst in the Morning, there came Two Horsemen to the Prison, having all of them Pistols, Swords, and Hangers hanging by their sides and demanded the said two Prisoners, but they were refused. Upon which some of them got off from their Horses, and entered the Prison Door, and went up Stairs, firing their Pistols before them as they went up, and being come to the Door of the Room where the Two Men were, they broke it open and carried them off. One of the Riding Officers was shot in the Arm with a Bullet by these Men, who were so disguised as that they could not be known, but one of them, who was wounded, is since dead.

We are informed, that His Majesty has been pleased to declare that He will not go Abroad this Summer.

On Monday the Earl of Nottingham received the Thanks of the University of Oxford in Form, for his noble Defence of the Christian Faith, contained in his Lordship's Answer to Mr. Watson's Letter.

Our Merchants have Advice, that the John and Samuel was lately lost off at N. W. England.

Last Week our Hood, a Porter belonging to the Post-Office, had a Legacy left him of a Bank Bill of 1000l.

On Tuesday the Corpse of James Craggs, Esq; late Post-Master General, was carried out of Town to be inter'd at Charlton in Kent.

Daniel Pulteney, Esq; is chosen Member of Parliament for the Borough of Tregony in Cornwall, in the Room of the late Mr. Secretary Craggs.

On Saturday last Mr. George Gorman, Secretary to Capt. Walpole, late Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, shot himself through the Head, having been observ'd to be very Melancholly for some Months past.

On Monday Night a Chapter of the most Noble Order of the Garter was held at St. James's wherein the Duke of Grafton and the Earl of Lincoln were elected Knights Companions, in the room of the Duke of Rutland and the Duke of Buckingham, deceased, and received the Investiture of the Blue Ribbon from the Hands of his Majesty.

There is Advice from France, that an Express is arrived at Paris, with a Confirmation that the Pope dy'd on the 19th inst. N. S. after an Indisposition of two Days.

The Merchant Ships designed for the North, are falling down the River, to fall under the Convoy of the Baltic Squadron.

Yesterday came Advice, that several Ships, which were given over for lost, are all arrived in Ireland from the Streights, but they have suffered extremely in their Passage, for want of Provision. Their Names are not yet known.

It is said the Estate of the late Mr. Craggs, Post Master General, consists of 120000l. per Ann. in Land, most of it lately bought; 95000l. in South-Sea Stock; 43000 in East India Stock; and 16000 in Bank Stock; besides vast Sums in Specie or Bills, which are not yet discovered.

The Coroners Inquest have sat upon the Corpse of Mr. Gorman, mentioned above, and brought in their Verdict, Non Compos Mentis.

Weymouth. The 15th inst arrived the Jaykel Galley, Capt. Hart, from Barbadoes in 7 Weeks; the Master says, that a Pirate of 36 Guns and 100 Men, having taken 12 Sail of Vessels, the Rafe and Sharke Sloop went in pursuit of him; but the said Pirate having fired out one of the Prizes, the former thought fit not to attack them.

Deal, March 13. Remain here Panther and Guernsey. All the Outwardbound sail'd yesterday Westward; but the Wind shifting at Night, most, if not all, came in again this Morning. Yesterday came down the Assurance, Capt. Onslow, for the West Indies, and the George, Capt. Mitchel, for Guinea.

We thank our ingenious Friend A. D. B. for the favour of his List. He will easily see the Reason why we could not insert his Letter. We should thank our selves very happy in the Advantage of so good a Correspondent.

Christen'd Males 105. Females 186. In all 291.

Buried Males 195. Females 180. In all 375.

Decreased in the Burials this Week 61.

Casualties. Drowned 3. One at St. Dunstan at Stepney. One in the River of Thames at St. John at Wapping, and one at St. Paul at Shadwell. Excessive Drinking 1. Found dead on the Shore (a Man unknown) at St. Mary at Lambeth 1. Killed by the Fall of Earth at St. Giles's without Crispin-gate 1. Overlaid 1. Threw herself out of a Window (being Lunatick) at St. Lawrence Jewry 1.

Seven Men are ordered for Execution on Monday next.

Yesterday the Prices of Goods at Bear Key were as follows: Wheat 17s. to 30s. per Quarter. Rye 13s. 6d. to 14s. Barley 16s. to 19s. Malt 14s. to 14s. Oats 8s. to 14s. Beans 18s. to 22s. Hog Pease 11s. to 20s. Boiling Pease 19s. to 33s. Rape-seed none at Market. Hops 3s. to 3l. 10s. per Last. Clove 26s. to 28s. per Chaldron. Colchester Cr. 15d. per Ell. Dates, 6 Seals 14s. dist. and 16s. per Piece.

Yesterday South Sea Stock was 116 for ready Money, without the Dividend. Subscriptions no Price. Bank 128. India 135 to 139. Old African 34. New African 13.1 half. Royal Exchange Assurance 5 1 qr. London Assurance 5 1 half. York Buildings 14 1 half. Long Annuitics 98.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day at Noon will be published

§§§ The Third Collection of Political Letters in the London Journal, continued to this present Day. Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. Where may be had complete Sets of the said Letters.

To be LETT.

*§ A HOSIER'S SHOP, the Sign of the Three Blue Balls at Holbourn Bridge.

The Chymical Liquor for the Hair,

¶¶ Which gradually changes red, grey, or Hair of any other disagreeable Colour, whether of the Head or Eyebrows, into any Degree of a Brown; or, by observing the Directions given with each Bottle, into the most beautiful Black in Nature, that neither Time nor Weather can alter; for the Colour will for ever remain as lively as if it naturally grew so. It has, with a general Satisfaction to the World, been sold above Six Years by Mr. Lock on only, at the Griffin, the Corner of Bucklers-bury, in the Poultry; where a Lock of Hair may be seen that was stained with it before it was first exposed to Sale. Price Half a Guinea a Bottle.

At Carpenters Hall, near little Moor-Gate, London.

¶¶ Is a continued Sale of all Sorts of Household Goods, new and old, to be sold cheap, with the lowest Price fixed on each Lot; and consists of great Choice of very good and fashionable Damask, Mohair, Camlet, and Stuff Beds, lately come in, and standing from 8 to 13 Foot high. Cabinets, fine Screens, Trunks, Tea Tables, large Beauties, Corner Cupboards, Book-Cases, Chest of Drawers, Leather, Cane, and Matted Chairs. Down and Feather Beds, Large Glass Sconces, Peer and Chimney Glasses, Smirna Capets, Tapestry, divers Clocks, and a large Collection of Pictures; with all Silks and Stuffs, in pieces fit for Furniture. N. B. Attendance is given from 9 in the Morning, till 6 at Night.

§§§ Whereas a small Parcel of Goods being left at Mr. Garways Shop, the South Entrance of the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, by an unknown Hand. Whoever comes for them, paying for the Advertisement, and describing the Parcel, may have them again.

The most Famous and Excellent Cordial Drops,

§§ Which have for several Years been very useful and successful in curing Convulsion Fits; both inward and Outward Hysterick Fits, and Fits of the Mother: They take off the Vapours, and give present Ease for the Gout in the Stomach; and are fitted to all Ages and Sexes. They are sold at Mr. Mires in St. Catherine's, near the Tower; at Mr. Alcorns, Stationer, in Southwark; at Mr. Coopers, the Corner of Charles Court in the Strand; at Mr. Evans, Toyshop, in Great-Turn-Steile; at Mr. Main's Perfumer, in Piccadilly; at Mrs. Weavers, on Little-Tower-Hill, and no where else in London. They are in Two Ounce Bottles, and sealed with a Dog and Cushion. Price 1s. And the Country Price is Two Shillings and Six-pence. They are likewise sold in some Country Towns.

*§ The most Noble Volatile Smelling Bottle in the World; which smelled to, momentarily fetches the most distill fainting or swooning Fits, and in a Moment, removes Flushing, Vapours, Dulness, Head-ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all heavy Sleepiness, retards swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle, and by its use admits of no fainting, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man; recreates and makes cheerful, although never to sad, and in a Moment raises all the sensitive Faculties: It is also to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cause; for it presently relieves, comforts and strengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickness from it, helps Digestion, cleanses the Blood, and in a Word, is the greatest Cephalick, Stomachick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick possible; therefore is extremely necessary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Sold only at Mr. King's Picture-shop in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's Picture shop, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 1s. 6d. each.

* * * **Lost by a Gentlewoman's Servant, on or about the 13th or 14th of the last Month, between Westminster and the Bull Inn in Holbourn, a brass Medal for the King's private Road.** Whoever brings the said Medal to Mr. John James, at his House in Peter-street, near Marlborough End, in Westminster, shall receive Five Shillings Reward, and no Questions asked.

Any Body that has taken up a Liver colour and white small Spanish Bitch, her Ears very long, with a white Spot on her Rump, and likewise very Fat. If they will bring it to Mr. Verney's, the Corner of Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, they shall have Half a Guinea Reward. She has been lost ever since Monday last, and in of near Fleetstreet.

Just published.

ALBION; A Poem, in Latin and English, by J. Theobald, M. D. Printed at Oxford upon Royal Paper, and sold by W. Chiswood at Earl's Head in Russell-street, Covent-Garden. Price 1s. 6d. Where may be had the Subscribers Books upon superfine Imperial Paper.

Also, (Just published.)

1. Novels, Tales, and Stories, written originally in French, by Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre, and translated from the last Paris Edition, 6d.
2. Prince of Carancy, a Novel, by the Countess d'Anois, 5s.
3. Love in a Fury, or Jealously exposed, a Novel, 1s. 6d.
4. Antiochus and Stratonice, a Novel, by Mr. Theobald, 2s.
5. Idigerte Queen of Norway, or Heroick Love, a Novel 1s. 6d.
6. Truth found out too late; or, The Fruits of Jealousy; and the Jealous Husband, or Witty Lady, 2 Novels, 1s.
7. Hippolito and Aminta, being a Collection of diverting Novels, 3s.
8. D'Ursey's Poetical Works, consisting of Plays, Novels, and Poems, never printed before, 5s.
9. The Gentleman's Recreation, in 4 Parts, complete, 6s.
10. Vertot's Revolution of Portugal, 2s.
11. Letters between a Chevalier and a Lady of Quality, translated from the French of Monsieur Barfleur, by Mrs. Haywood, Author of Love in Rascals, or the Fatal Enquiry, 1s.
12. The Fair Captive, the last new Tragedy, by Mrs. Haywood.
13. The Countess d'Anois Novels and Tales of the Fairies, 2 vol. 12s. 5s. And speedily will be published the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Parts of the Arabian Stories. Never printed in English before, which compleats the whole.

†† **The Lord Clarendon's History of the Grand Rebellion completed.** Containing, 1st. The Heads of the great Men, on both sides, whose Characters he gives, (being 85) in number, drawn from Original Paintings of Vandjke, A. More, Dobson, Cornelius Johnson, and other eminent Painters, &c. Engraven by Mr. Virtue, Mr. Vandegutch, Mr. Sturt, &c. 2. The Traits, Speeches, Letters, Memorials, &c. mentioned in the said History, as here at large, and referred to the Page therein, with his Lordship's Life. 3. Three Maps, viz. 1st. South Britain, with the Traits of King Charles 1st's miraculous escape from Worcester, and the Cut of Botwell-house, and the Oak in the Coppice, wherein his Majesty was concealed; and also the Cut of Mrs. Jane Lane, riding behind the King in disguise, until he got safe out of England. 2d. Maps of North-Britain and Ireland, 2d Edition, with the Addition of 4 Plates of Battles. Price, Small Paper, 11s. Large Paper 15s. Sold by John Kinlos at London-House in Aldersgate street; where may be had, 1st. A new and exact Map of the Diocese of London. Price 1d. 6d. 2d. Atlas Geographus, or a complete Body of Geography, taken from all the most celebrated Authors, illustrated with near 100 Maps, in 5 Vol. in 4to. Price 3l. 10s. or any single Volumes, viz. for Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. 3d. Bibliotheca Anatomica Medica & Chirurgica, or a complete Body of Anatomy, Physick, and Surgery, taken from all the most celebrated Authors, and illustrated with abundance of Copper Plates, in 3 Vols. in 4to. Price 1l. or any of the Vols. single.

Whereas the Ecclesiastical Historians in 3 Vo's. in Fol. Greek and Latin, with Valerius's curious Notes, &c. Printed at Cambridge, hath been for some Time past delivered out by John Kinlos at London-House, in Aldersgate street, all Gentlemen are desired to send in for their Subscriptions to this, or otherwise their Books will be disposed of.

This Day is published.

††† **Medicina Flagellata, or the Doctor scarify'd,** laying open the Vices of the Faculty, the Insignificance of a great Part of their Materia Medica, with certain Rules to discern the true Physician from the Empirick, and the useful Medicine from the noxious and trading Physick: With an Essay on Health, or the Power of a Regimen: To which is added, a Discovery of some remarkable Errors in the late Writings on the Plague, by Dr. Mead, Quincy, Bradley, &c. with some useful and necessary Rules to be observed in the time of that contagious Distemper. Printed for J. Bateman at the Star and Star; and J. Nicks at the Dolphin and Crown, both in St. Paul's Church-yard. Price 3s. Where may be had the Plague of Marfeilles, a Poem, by a Person of Quality. Price 6d. A Poem on the Death of the late Dr. Stanhope, by Mr. Pitt. Price 4d. The Country Life, a Divine Poem, Price 4d. The Antiquities of Cambridge, Price 3s. 4d.

Little published.

††† **The Modern Justice; containing the Business of a Justice of Peace, in all his Parts: As an Appendix of the Common Law, and of all the Acts of Parliament, relating to Justices of Peace, Constables, and other Parish Officers under them, complete, down to this Time, and some special Law Cases to illustrate the same: With great Variety of the most Authentick Precedents, of Receipts, Summons, Warrants, Examinations, Commitments, Indictments, &c. Shewing all Occasions for putting of the Laws in force: Also the Chairman's Charge in the Quarter Sessions, Proceedings in trying of Criminals, Motions and Trials of Causes, relating to settlements, &c. and the particular Power of Mayors, given by Statutes with Precedents of Warrants, &c. in all Cases. An Alphabetical Table, shewing what Acts of Parliament do concern the Business of a Justice, and a complete Table to the Whole. The Third Edition corrected, improved, and continued to this present Year, 1740, by Giles Jacob, Gent. Printed for B. Lintot at the Cross-Keys in Fleetstreet.**

By Way of voluntary subscription. *A Sale of Goods, as Clocks, Watches, and other valuable Things, at Mr. WILLIAM YEATS'S, at the Iron Rails in Richmona street, near St. Ann's Church.*

A Silver Dressing Table, with 2 Glass and Boxes value four hundred and ninety Pounds: if not liked by the Person to whom five Guineas Discount, or four hundred and ninety Pounds shall be paid. Two Parcels, of the Value of One Hundred Pounds each. Two Punch Bowls, Value Fifteen Pounds each, one in a Lot. Thirty Silver Tankards one in a Lot, at ten Pound each. One hundred Watches at six Pound each, one in a Lot. One hundred Clocks one in a Lot, at seven Pound each. Twenty Silver Mugs one in a Lot, at three Pound each. Two hundred plain Gold Rings one in a Lot, at fifteen Shillings each. One Thousand Silver Spoons, one in a Lot, at ten Shillings each. Ten thousand Gallons of French Brandy, one Gallon in a Lot. One thousand Tea-Spoons, one in a Lot, at three Shillings each. One thousand Tea-Strainers at two Shillings and Six-pence each, one in a Lot. The rest, Knives, Forks, Salisbury Sifters, and Silk Handkerchiefs; the lowest Parcel the full Value of one Shilling. Each Person paying down Six pence for their Ticket, and Six pence more when drawn, if it amounts to the Value of one Pound, and so proportionably for a greater Parcel. The Number of Parcels are one hundred Thousand. The whole entire Number is 600000, which is but Five to One. The first and last Number shall be entitled to a Gold Watch, Value thirty Pound. Note, this Sale will begin the 15th of April next, without fail, or the Money will be returned. All Subscribers are desired to pay in their Subscription Money two Days before the Time of Drawing, or they will entirely be excluded from the Benefit thereof.

§§ **Whereas Mr. Normand Cany did advertise the Publick, in the Daily Courant, of the 8th of October last, That he was taking down his fine Bed at Somerset-House; and that as soon as he could find a convenient Place for setting up the same, he would give Notice thereof to the Publick, that all Persons may have the Pleasure of seeing the most curious, as well as the most elegant Piece of Furniture that ever was.**

This rare Piece of Art, with several other curious and beautiful Pieces of the same Kind as the Bed, are to be seen at Booter-Change in the Strand, in that Part, which Mr. Browne the Bookseller, lately had: There are likewise several fine Pictures by the best Hands, (viz.) Raphael, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Tintoretta, Salvator, Ruffo, &c. and other Curiosities; all to be Sold. Which may be seen at any Hour of the Day, each Person paying Two Shillings and Six-pence.

§§§ **The incomparable Powder for cleaning the Teeth, which has given so great Satisfaction to most of the Nobility and Gentry in England, for above these 15 Years that it hath been published, notwithstanding the many Counterfeits since its first Publication, (particularly one at the next Shop to Mr. Markham's, pray beware on't) endeavouring to imitate this the only true Original Powder: Sold only at Mr. Halfey's, Bookseller, in St. Michael's Church-Porch, in Cornhill; and Mr. Markham's, Toyshop, at the Seven Stars under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, and no where else in England. It at once whiten the Teeth as white as Ivory, though never so black or yellow, and effectually preserves them from rotting or decaying, continuing them so and so exceeding old Age. It wonderfully cures the Scanty in the Gums, prevents Rheum or Desfluxion, kills Worms at the Root of the Teeth, and thereby hinders the Tooth-ach: It admirably softens loose Teeth, being a neat chafing Medicine, of a pleasant and grateful Scent. Price 1s. the Box. N. B. At the same Place is sold the highly esteemed Lip-Salve for Ladies, &c. of a charming and delightful Scent. Price 1s. each Box.**

Just Landed from Barbadoes,

§§§ **The most choice, racy, smooth and mel-low Curon Water, that ever came from that Island, which, for its Qualities in recreating the Spirits, invigorating the Nerves, and enriching the Blood, if taken by way of Drink, proves the best Cordial now extant, to be had (for the Quickness of Sale) at 8s. each Quart Bottle, which is little more than prime Cost, of Mr. Tho. Heath, Mathematical Instrument-maker, next Door to the Fountain-Tavern in the Strand, and at Mr. John Chur's, Printer, in Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.**

M. A. R. E.

MARKHAM'S secret Cordial Horse-Balls.

353 For the Publick Good, at 4s. per Pound, being the best experienced Remedy for any Cough or Cold, giving instant Relief, by opening all Obstructions in the Lungs, carrying off all running Surfeits, Scurvy, Loos of Appetite by bad Working, or any other Disorders incident to Horfes. This Medicine, which has many Years been successfully profit'd, and known to be the best Thing for leaving a fine smooth Coat, and preventing the Grease falling in the Heels, and it falls where 'tis of long continuance) proves an excellent Cure; it purifies the Blood, evacuates and destroys all Worms, and in a short time will cause the leanest Horse to thrive and grow fat.

N. B. These Cordial Horse-Balls will keep good for many Years, and are proper to be given at all Seasons, especially Spring and Fall, in order to keep their Bodies from those Humours they are then so subject to. Truly prepared and sold by G. Markham, at the Seven Stars under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, and allowed by him to be sold at Mrs. Row's, the North-Entrance of the Royal-Exchange, in London. To prevent Counterfeits, the Markham's Arms are in the printed Directions.

Balsamum Catholicon.

354 The Universal Balsam, which all Families may depend upon for a safe, clean, and valuable Medicine, to keep by them, or carry with them wherever they Travel, to cure any Accident that may happen to themselves or Friends. It cures in A Chronick Pain, especially the Gout and Rheumatism, in a few Hours Time, by opening the Pores, and drawing out the Peccant Humour. It has likewise preserved several from having their Limbs cut off, when all other Means have failed. Price 1s. 6d. a Box, sealed up with the Author's Head, to prevent Counterfeits, and sold only by *Alm Garway* at the Royal-Exchange Gate, next Cornhill, and Mrs. Wood's, at the Golden Leg in Great Turn-stile, Holbourn, with Directions.

Made and Sold only by John Pindar, at the Black Boy and Truss in Bartholemew Close, near West Smithfield, London.

355 Fine Leather and Dimity Trusses for the Cure of Ruptures, easy to a new born Bile, and effectual in keeping up the Ruptures in Old or Young, and by far exceeds all sorts of Steel Trusses. Those in the Country leaving their Hignets round their Wals, and which Side the Rupture is, may be well served. He likewise maketh Strait Stocking and Navel Trusses that are entirely of a new Invention, and the Experience of them has proved a wonderful Happiness to many Persons, even beyond Expectation. N. B. Those that come may depend on a Cure, if curable, he being never known to fail, his Wife being as able and dexterous in curing them of her own Sex. N. B. Those that are disposed to have Steel Trusses, may have of all sorts. N. B. The said John Pindar married the Daughter of the famous Mr. William Jones, who practised the Business, and kept the said House for above 30 Years, and for preventing Mistakes, the House goes up with a Stone Steps.

356 The only Secret in the World of GLOVES for beautifying the Ladies Hands and Arms, making the Skin delicately soft, smooth and white, by taking off all Deformities, as *Morphew, Freckles, Scurs, Pimples, or Redness*, they are of a grateful and pleasing Scent, and will keep the Hands and Arms of a lasting and extreme Whiteness, beyond Expectation, as many Ladies, who have experienced them, can testify, to their great Satisfaction to be had only at the Green-Ball, next Door out one to the Sign of the Cock, opposite to Taylor's Court, near Garlick-Hill, the Lower End of Bow-Line, Cheap-side, and no where else. Where may likewise be had, a most Incomparable Wash to beautify the Face: It plumps and softens the Skin, making it fair and smooth, by taking away all *Pimples, Tann, Morphew, Pimples, and Redness*, and prevents Flushing. It hath nothing of Paint, nor any poisonous Mercurial Preparations in it. She hath a most excellent Secret to prevent Hair from falling off, causing it to grow wherever 'tis wanting, and also red or grey Hair to a light or dark Brown, which will never change. She shapes the Eye brows, making them very beautiful, and takes all superfluous Hair from the Face. She cutteth Hair very fine, after the newest Mode. She hath likewise a certain, safe, and infallible Cure for the Tooth-Ach, without Drawing, and so effectually, that the Pain will never return again. It likewise fastens those that are Loose to Admiration, and preserves them from Rotting or Decaying; also a Powder that makes them as white as Ivory.

357 The Son of Mr. William Maclean, Joyn-er and Victualler at the Sign of the Cheshire Cheese, in Cable-street, in Rag-Fair, being above Six Years of Age, languished with a violent Pain and Swelling in his Stomach, to that degree that his Life was despaired of, which Malady they not being able to remove by any former Applications; at last, by the Advice of Mr. Robert Pearson, apply'd to Mr. John Moore, Apothecary, at the Pistle and Mortar in Abchurch-Lane, whose Worm Powders and Ointments brought away a large Worm nine Foot three Inches and a half long, besides above a hundred small ones; for some Time after the Child continued free from his Pain. The large Worm is to be seen at Mr. Moore's House; and any Person may be satisfied of the Truth hereof, by his Parents.

January 16, 1730-31.

LONDON: Printed for, and Sold by J. PEELE, at Lock's-Head, in Pater-Noster-Road Where Advertisements, and Letters to the Author, are taken in.

(6)

Never before made publick.

358 Elixir ad Venerem, vel, Sanguis Balsam-icus Viti Cupidinis: Veneris Elixir: Or. Cupid's Balsamick Blood of Life, (said to be because of its surprizingly Pleasant Virtue) Found out by a Gentleman eminently qualify'd in the Art of Physick. It has been practised for some Years privately, with the Approbation of several learned Physicians, and is, with the most admirable, and almost incredible, Success against the Weakness, or Faintness of the Organs of Generation in either Sex, Barrenness, Miscarriage, &c. For, in a Word, it clears up the Spirits, attenuates and expels all Heresies; after which, by being a truly admirable Balsamick, it consolidates and strengthens the Parts; and, in a manner, quiets the disturb'd Archæus of Nature, thereby causing the Blood, or any other circulating Humour, to run with a sincere and unpolluted Rail; and consequently occasioning the generating of good Sperm. It is likewise used with the same Success against Pains or Weakness of the Back, Consumptions, Nephretick or Gravel Pains, Pleuritic Pains, and Asthmæ. It is of a most grateful Taste, and pleasant Colour and Smell: So that none labouring under any of the aforesaid Cases should be without it.

PENUS looked down; and with a pious Smile

Beheld the Tears; and heard the Groans awhile

(And how pretending R-gues did them beguile)

Of her Advers' sweet: at last she spake;

And order'd me, this balmy Blood to make.

To bring Comfort, and free them from the Wreck.

To be had only at Mr. Garaway's, at the South Entrance of the Royal Exchange; and at the Hungary Water Warehouse at the Black Boy and Comb in Fleet-street, near Fleet Ditch, at Five Shillings, a large Bottle, with ample Directions.

GIBSON'S MOST EXCELLENT CORDIAL HORSE BALLS.

359 At Four Shillings per Pound, which in Forty Years private Experience and Ten Years Publication, is approved of, used, and recommended, by a great many of the Nobility, to be a certain Cure for any Cold, old or new Surfeits, Worms, or Botts, is better than any Cordial Drink, and not half the Price. Also his extraordinary Preparation of Antimony, at Five Shillings per Pound, which prevents Grease falling to, or Stiffness in the Limbs after hard Riding; cures those that are greased, though never so bad; disperses all Knots and Swellings; preserves the Eyes; purifies the Blood better than purging; cures the Hide-bound, makes ruff Coats, occasioned by Surfeits, lie fine and smooth, kills all sorts of Worms, with many other peculiar Virtues, better experienced than expressed, are only prepared by Samuel Gibson, Druggist, at the Angel and Crown in Lombard-Street, London, are sold thereby him, and at Moor's Coffee-House, in York, with printed Directions. N. B. By using these Medicines Spring and Fall there is no need of purging, and Travellers may save many Hories by having them on the Road, the Operation being immediate and certain in the Gripes, or loss of Appetite from Sickness or Over-work.

To be sold, at Fifteen Pence each Half-pint Bottle, and Two Shillings and Three-pence each Pint.

360 A Fresh Parcel of the best Hungary Water that ever was imported from Montpellier; its Virtues will be best known by its Use, so that many Words in the Praise of it are altogether needless, since after Experiment it will be found so effectual in plumping and smoothing the Face, and carrying off all outward Deformities of the Skin, as well as removing several inward Maladies, with which the Fair Sex is agrieved, if taken according to the Directions given with it. It is sold at a low Price, little higher than prime Cost, only to prevent Impositions by Counterfeits and Prebenders to Importations; when it can be proved, that two other Advertisers of the same Nature vend their Home made adulterated Ware for that of Foreign Growth. To be had only from John Cloer at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church yard, Cheap-side, and Thomas Heath, Mathematical Instrument-maker, next the Fountain Tavern in the Strand.

This is to give Notice;

361 That the only True and Original Royal Chymical Wash-Bills, for the Hands and Face, are removed from Mr. Lambert's, the Glover's, to prevent the Publick's being imposed on by Counterfeits; and are now sold only at Mr. Alcroft's, Toy-Shop, at the Blue-coat Boy against the Royal-Exchange, in Cornhill; and at Mrs. Giles's, Milliner, next Hercules Pillers Alley, by the Temple, in Fleet-street: They have above these twenty Years been largely experienced and highly commended by all that use them, for making the Skin to be delicately soft and smooth, as not to be parallel'd by either Wash-Powder, Cosmectick, &c. they being indeed real Beautifiers of the Skin, by taking off all Deformities, as *Tetter, Ring-Worms, Morphew, Sun-burn, Scurs, Pimples, Pits, or Redness* of the Small-pox, and keeping it of a lasting and extreme Whiteness. They soon alter red or rough Hands, are admirable in shining the Head, they not only give a more exquisite Sharpness to the Razor, but to comfort the Brain and Nerve, as to prevent catching Cold. They are of a grateful and pleasant Scent, without the least Grain of Mercury, sold only by Mr. Alcroft and Mrs. Giles, as above, Price 1s. each, and no where else in London by Retail; therefore beware of Counterfeits, which are not only ineffectual, but may also prove dangerous.